

Director: NICK MARCK

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

"The Bumpy Road to Love"

#77501

EPISODE #1

Written by

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&

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(77501)

NORTHERN EXPOSURE - "The Bumpy Road to Love"

CAST

REGULARS

JOEL FLEISCHMAN

MAGGIE O'CONNELL

MAURICE MINNIFIELD

HOLLING VINCOEUR

SHELLY TAMBO

CHRIS STEVENS

ED

MARILYN

RUTH-ANNE

GUEST CAST

RICK *

JO ANNE SANDIFER

BARBARA SEMANSKI

ADAM

DAVE

EVE

BURLY GUY *

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 1

A crowd, which includes MAGGIE, JOEL, HOLLING, SHELLY, CHRIS MARILYN, RUTH-ANNE, ED AND MAURICE, is gathered at a gravesite. They stare up at a bronze, rugged-guy statue of Rick, complete with aviator jacket and rigid scarf flying off behind him. A white cloth and cord at its base suggest the statue has just been unveiled.

CHRIS

...Until today, we could only see Rick in the hazy blur of memory -- a fading image in the mind's eye.

(indicating statue)

But, now we have something tangible, something solid, that says, "Hey, guys, it's me -- Rick."

(gesturing)

And we have Maggie to thank. I guess you all know, she commissioned this statue which is so...so...almost lifelike.

Maggie smiles weakly.

CHRIS

In some belief systems -- Jewish, Islamic, Calvinist, a monument like this would be unacceptable. It would be considered sacriligious -- a craven image, a form of idolatry. Luckily, Rick was a Unitarian, so I think we're okay.

Chris gathers his thoughts. Maurice checks his watch.

CHRIS

It's strange, statistically speaking, that Rick died pinned to the ground by an errant piece of space debris instead of in his own plane... But I guess we pretty much covered the vagaries-of-fate theme at the funeral, didn't we? So, uh....

Chris is unsure what direction to take. Maggie shifts uneasily. An idea occurs to Chris.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

CHRIS

Hey! How about we pause now for a moment of silence, kind of send Rick our thoughts, wherever he is, and who knows, maybe he'll receive them. Okay?

Desultory murmurs of assent.

CHRIS

Rick, our thoughts to you.

Chris bows his head. Maggie notices Joel looking at the statue, head tilted to one side. They speak sotto voce.

MAGGIE

Okay, Fleischman, okay.

JOEL

Okay, Fleischman, okay, what?

MAGGIE

I know what you're thinking.

JOEL

No, you don't.

MAGGIE

Yes, I do. You think it looks like a hood ornament.

JOEL

(struck)
How'd you know?

MAGGIE

Because you would think that and, well, because it does. It was supposed to be dignified -- regal -- and it came out like...

JOEL

(pained)
A hood ornament.

MAGGIE

Spare me your pity, Fleischman. You think I did this out of some misguided sense of guilt. Well, Rick's death was an accident. I'm an innocent bystander.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

JOEL
(out loud; innocent)
Did I say anything, O'Connell?! I
didn't say anything!

CHRIS
Joel?

Joel looks at Chris.

CHRIS
Something you wanted to say?

JOEL
Me? About Rick? Uh, not really.
We had a few beers together, I
removed a mole...

People shift uneasily.

CHRIS
Well. So. If no one has anything
further to add...

Then from the rear a woman's voice.

JO ANNE
I'd like to say something.

All turn to look at a woman making her way to center stage -
- JO ANNE, a sweet, pretty blonde in her mid-twenties.

JO ANNE
My name's JoAnne. You don't know
me, but I feel like I know you.
Rick talked about you quite a bit.
Cicely had a special place in his
heart, and I know today would've
meant so much to him.

Maggie looks mildly curious.

JO ANNE
What can you say about a person
who's dead that doesn't sound trite
or obvious? Rick had his faults,
like everybody, but basically he was
a really good guy. I miss our
walks, the way he cooked sloppy
joes, those zestful morning showers
together.

(beat; to the statue)
I miss you, sweetheart.

Joel looks at Maggie, who stares, horrified.

2 EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY 2

3 CLOSE UP - FIRING GUN - BLAM! 3

4 PULL BACK TO REVEAL 4

OFFICER BARBARA SEMANSKI, in civies, continues firing bulls-eyes at a distant target. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

MAURICE

Woman drives three hundred and fifty miles, stops long enough to down a quart of Gatorade, then she turns in a target that's even cleaner than my own.

SEMANSKI

It's the wrist grip.

MAURICE

You don't say...

SEMANSKI

Stops the recoil. Here, I'll show you.

Semanski comes behind Maurice and rearranges his grip.

SEMANSKI

Left hand supports the right....

MAURICE

I can't tell you what it does to me, Barbara, watching you handle a sidearm, the way you take the measure of it, the way your hand embraces the grip, the way your strong supple finger circles around the trigger --

They are now nose to nose. They kiss hard. Break.

MAURICE

Was it fate, Barbara? *

SEMANSKI

How's that?

MAURICE

If my radio hadn't been stolen -- if I hadn't insisted they send down law enforcement -- we might never have met. *

She thinks a beat, but her mind's on other matters.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SEMANSKI
How about showing me your Brownie?

*
*

MAURICE
Now?

SEMANSKI
Go for it.

Reaching in the crotch of his pants, Maurice pulls out a Browning automatic. She looks along the sight, checks the balance, the grip.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

MAURICE
Nine millies, thirteen shot.

SEMANSKI
Brilliant.

MAURICE
Something else you might appreciate.

The cat that swallowed the canary, he pulls a second gun from his lower back and hands it to her. Maurice watches her examine the gun.

SEMANSKI
Twin Browning nine millies.

MAURICE
Take a look at the grip -- something there might interest you.

Semanski looks at the grip, reads.

SEMANSKI
(beat)
B.S. My initials.

MAURICE
I had them engraved.
(off her look)
It's for you.

SEMANSKI
Tony let me fire his Sig/Sauer P226, but this....
(touched)
This baby is one of the finest firearms ever made, Maurice.

MAURICE
Tony?

SEMANSKI
(sighting the gun)
Trooper on the force.

MAURICE
I see.

SEMANSKI
My god, feel the balance on this puppy.

She gives Maurice the closest thing to a loving look she can muster.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

HOLLING
You set a truly fine table, Maurice.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

MAURICE

(picks up glass)

Y'know, the tradition of the toast harkens back to 17th century England when the success or health of a venture would be christened with a drink of wine in which toast had been submerged. Over time, we've dispensed with the actual toasted bread, but the intent remains. And so it is tonight I'd like to lift my glass to you, to bless your union and wish you every future happiness.

HOLLING

Well, thank you, Maurice.

SEMANSKI

Here, here...

SHELLY

Yeah, yeah...

Semanski throws back some wine, then continues to chow down.

MAURICE

You see, Holling, for a long time, well, I may have to some degree resented your happiness.

Holling pauses in his eating. He and Shelly exchange a glance.

MAURICE

I may have felt that it was captured at my expense.

SHELLY

(uncomfortable)

I didn't mean to dump you, Maurice.

MAURICE

(holds up his hands)

Believe me, that was the biggest favor you could've done me, Shelly.

Shelly frowns, puzzled. Holling returns to his food.

MAURICE

Oh, I'm not saying I wasn't bereft.

SHELLY

Bereft?

(CONTINUE.)

6 CONTINUED: 3

6

SEMANSKI

(eating)

Sense of loss. Destitution.

MAURICE

Foolish as it now seems, at the time, I thought my heart would never mend. But if I'd known what real happiness awaited me....

SHELLY

Real happiness?

MAURICE

You and I had a kind of undeniable fun, Shelly.

(squeezing Barbara's hand)

But you can't compare roller-blading to crouching in a duck blind at five AM with the cold steel of a shot gun resting against your cheek.

Shelly looks at Semanski, then at Holling.

SHELLY

How come we never go to duck blinds?

HOLLING

(chewing)

You want to sit in a duck blind?

SHELLY

How do I know if you never ask me?

MAURICE

I'd like to propose another toast...

(raising his glass again)

To the guest of honor, whose healing presence is really responsible for this gathering....

Holling and Shelly raise their glasses. Semanski's attention is on her plate, cutting her meat. As she puts the fork in her mouth, she realizes Maurice means her. She continues chewing as they toast her.

MAURICE

To officer Barbara Semanski, who never found my radio, but captured my heart.

*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 4

6

Semanski swallows her meat.

MAURICE

(to Semanski and Shelly)

And I look forward to the time when
the two of you get to know each
other and bond in that special way
that females do.

*

Semanski and Shelly look at each other blankly. Maurice
beams. Barbara throws back some wine.

7 INT. JOEL'S CABIN - NIGHT

7

Joel is making a dehydrated Cup O'Noodles. He thinks he
hears something, listens. Continues stirring. Did
something brush by the window? He looks over. Nothing.
Now he definitely hears something.

*

JOEL

Ed?

(beat)

Who's there?

No response. Another definite sound on the porch. Joel
grabs his golf club, tiptoes to the window. He peers
around, just as a MAN'S large, bearded face suddenly
appears. Joel jumps out of his skin.

JOEL

AAAUGH!

The man grimaces, ducks away. Joel leans back against the
wall, holding his heart. He goes and opens the door. ADAM
stands outside.

JOEL

Adam?

ADAM

(striding in)

No, it's the Fuller Brush Man.

JOEL

You have to creep around on a
person's porch, you can't knock on a
door?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

ADAM
Hey, after three years in the DMZ,
recon is second nature.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

JOEL

Do you realize the humiliation you caused me last year? Nobody believed me. I'm telling them, yeah, I saw Adam, Cicely's own bigfoot -- Mr. Sasquatch. He cooked me pot stickers and Szechwan chicken in a wok in the middle of nowhere. I bring them to your shack and you've cleaned the place out, lock, stock and Cuisinart!

*
*

(beat)

Now what do you want?! It's after midnight!

ADAM

Forgive me. My visit is untimely. But correct me if I'm wrong. You did claim to be a doctor?

JOEL

You sick?

ADAM

No, it's my better half.

JOEL

Your better half? You're married?! You never said you were married.

ADAM

Did I neglect to give you my curriculum vitae. Yeah, I have a wife.

JOEL

(suspicious)

How come I didn't see her?

ADAM

What is this -- the Spanish Inquisition? She was in Baden Baden.

JOEL

Baden Baden as in Germany?

ADAM

You know another Baden Baden? She was taking the baths. I left without saying good-bye because I was in a rush to hook up with her in Tuscany.

JOEL

Tuscany? Italy?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 3

7

ADAM

Actually, Fiesole. I went to sharpen my pasta skills. Can we go now?

JOEL

You really think I'm going out in the middle of the night and follow a pathological liar into the woods to treat a wife that's by any reasoning person's assessment a figment of said maniac's imagination? *

Adam picks up Joel's medical bag and heads for the door.

ADAM

Unless you'd prefer to be snapped in two like a twig.

JOEL

Hey, hey, put that down!

Pulling on a coat and hat, Joel scampers after him.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

8

Dark, vast.

9 INT. JOEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

9

Joel drives Adam down a bumpy road.

JOEL
So Adam, this wife of yours --

ADAM
Eve.

JOEL
You're kidding...

Adam shakes his head.

*

JOEL
Your wife's name is Eve?

ADAM
Spare me the snake and apple jokes.
Make a right.

Joel squints to see then turns right.

JOEL
What's wrong with her?

ADAM
Believe me, she'll tell you.

JOEL
(beat)
How long have you been married?

ADAM
What? Silence offends you? You
feel you have to make
conversation?

Joel shrugs. Beat.

ADAM
Nine years.

JOEL
(surprised)
Nine.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

ADAM

That's right. Nine years. And let me tell you, every single hour of every single day of every single year has been nothing short of bliss. Not happiness, Fleischman, bliss. Sheer unadulterated ecstasy.

JOEL

Wow. She must be very special.

ADAM

Special? She's incredible, unique. She's a rare flower -- a precious jewel. Most men can only dream about a woman like Eve -- but I have her round the clock -- twenty-four hours a day. Seven days a week.

JOEL

Sounds wonderful.

Adam looks at Joel. Joel smiles.

ADAM

You've never been married, have you?

JOEL

No.

ADAM

So you don't actually know what you're talking about.

JOEL

What do you mean?

ADAM

I mean you're speaking from general principles, from ignorance, with nothing to base your stupid opinion on other than what you've seen in bad movies or read in trashy novels.

JOEL

I've lived with a woman.

ADAM

You've lived with a woman. Elaine?...

JOEL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

Adam shakes his head in disgust.

JOEL

What?

ADAM

You didn't live together. You played house together. Just like grown-ups.

JOEL

Hey, just because we didn't have a piece of paper to validate --

ADAM

Oh, please! You can't begin to understand a woman until you're bound to her by the law. Cemented. Locked in Holy Matrimony. Am I getting through to you? Only then can you experience the joy -- the unique enchantment of sharing your life with the opposite sex.

Joel glances at him.

ADAM

Make a left at the tree.

JOEL

Which tree? They're all trees.

ADAM

The big tree. Now!

10 INT. HOLLING'S BAR - NIGHT

10

Maggie hunkers over whiskey at the bar. DAVE, on bartender duty, comes over. *

DAVE

How we doing over here?

MAGGIE

Just fine, Dave. What of it?

DAVE

Nothing.

Ed takes the stool next to Maggie. *

ED

Hi, Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MAGGIE

Ed. Ed, Ed, Ed, Ed, Ed. How are you Ed?

ED

Pretty good.

MAGGIE

Tell me something Ed, you ever notice with men, how they never listen to you?

ED

No....

MAGGIE

Watch one sometime -- oh, they pretend to listen. They nod and they grunt -- but they don't really listen.

ED

Huh....

MAGGIE

Know why?

ED

No why?

MAGGIE

Cause they can only focus on one thing. Their joy stick. Is it big enough and where can they put it.

She laughs. Ed looks at Dave.

MAGGIE

The really tragic thing is, men are so sweet, so loving, when they're born. So cute, you know? But then they grow up into these big, sweaty, stupid...things.

(beat; noticing)

God, you guys have great hair.

ED

Thanks.

MAGGIE

When I look at a man, you know what I feel, Ed?

(beat)

I feel pity. Loathing. Genuine revulsion.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

Ed looks down.

MAGGIE

What?

ED

Well, you know, Maggie...I'm a man.

MAGGIE

(beat)

Oh. Well.

(dismissive)

Anyway, men have been running things for thousands of years, and what have we got to show for it -- war, pollution, the S&L thing. And do they ever put the toilet seat down? No! So what do we need them for?

ED

Well...

MAGGIE

Procreation? Forget it. It's the twentieth century. Women can clone themselves. Oh, I know what Fleischman would say, "That's ridiculous, O'Connell, you've got to diversify the gene pool." But he's just being a man. And okay, okay -- sex is fine -- sex is good. Sex is great. We need men for sex.

(putting her hand on Ed's)

But do we need so many?

Ed considers.

11 INT. ADAM'S CABIN - NIGHT

11

There is a Garland range, Cuisinart, and a row of cookbooks. There is also a stack of medical texts, a spice rack of prescription drugs and an electric thermometer. Adam is cooking. Joel is examining EVE, a frenetic, anxious woman in lounging pajamas. Joel is about to remove a blood pressure cuff from her arm.

JOEL

I've never treated anyone who had her own cuff.

EVE

A blood pressure check should be a daily practice, don't you agree?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JOEL

Can't hurt. When did you first become aware of these multiple symptoms?

EVE

'89. Rochester. I was examined by all the so-called experts.

ADAM

(grousing)

Then the Mayo Clinic, Sloan/Kettering, City of Hope.

EVE

Is it my fault they're incompetent?

JOEL

You don't feel there's been any improvement?

EVE

Oh, they eventually stabilized my iron levels. And the zinc self-corrected. But doesn't my low BP indicate something?

JOEL

It's not low. It's low-normal.

EVE

I was thinking Addison's Disease.

JOEL

Addison's Disease?

EVE

The fatigue -- the muscle weakness -- occasional dizziness.

JOEL

(impressed)

That is a probing diagnosis. But you haven't experienced weight loss or pigmentation changes. No, I'd rule out Addison's Disease.

EVE

Pernicious Anemia?

JOEL

Your color's too good.

EVE

Then what?

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

ADAM
Try this -- you're not sick!

EVE
You don't know what you're talking about.

(to Joel)
Will you tell him my symptoms are real.

JOEL
(hedging)
Well, yeah, I'm sure they feel real -- even debilitating -- however, I'm having trouble finding anything organic that would --

ADAM
Go on, say it -- she's a hypochondriac!

EVE
(to Joel)
I have a history of documented illnesses! At birth I was afflicted with Klumpke's Paralysis. I had no use of my right hand or wrist for the first six months of life.

ADAM
Sure. Tell him about the hat disease. *

EVE
It has nothing to do with hats. *
(to Joel)
Beret Syndrome. Trophic ulcers on my fingertips that have only recently cleared up. *

ADAM
(slamming a bowl down in front of her)
Here.

JOEL
(sniffing)
That smells wonderful.

EVE
I can't eat -- I'm nauseated.

JOEL
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 3

11

ADAM
Sorrel soup with roasted scallops.

JOEL
(eating)
Mmm...

EVE
Soup? What did you cook it in?

ADAM
What do you think? A soup kettle.

EVE
We don't have a soup kettle.

ADAM
Yes, we do.

EVE
I threw it away.

ADAM
It was perfectly good.

EVE
It's aluminum. I told you, aluminum
collects in the brain. You're
trying to poison my brain!

ADAM
Your brain's already poisoned and
aluminum has nothing to do with it!

Rising, Eve carries her soup bowl to the sink.

ADAM
What are you doing?

EVE
I'm throwing it out.

ADAM
My soup!? Oh no, you don't! You
put that soup down!

Eve holds the bowl over the sink.

ADAM
I warning you -- put that soup down
right now!

Eve pours the soup into the sink.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 4

11

ADAM

That's it! Now you've done it!

EVE

Look at the puffer fish puff up.
Now, I'm really scared!

ADAM

I'd tear you apart with my bare
hands but it would give you too much
satisfaction!

(throwing on a jacket)

I'm outta here!

EVE

Great news! Wonderful!

ADAM

I mean it --

EVE

Go!

ADAM

I'm not coming back!

EVE

Promises, promises. If I never see
you again it'll be too soon.

SLAMMING the door, Adam exits. Eve yells after him.

EVE

Good riddance!

Joel shifts uncomfortably.

JOEL

Well...I guess I better be heading
off, too -- it's getting kinda late.

EVE

No, wait.

JOEL

I've got an early day tomorrow
and --

EVE

Please -- you haven't palpated my
thyroid.

JOEL

(packing his doctor's bag)
I think we can put that off 'til my
next visit...

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 5

11

Eve grabs a skillet and smashes him on the back of his head. K.O.'ed, Joel hits the mat.

12 EXT. CICELY STREET OUTSIDE RADIO STATION - DAY

12

Maurice and Semanski are getting out of Maurice's Caddy. She's out of uniform, but wearing a leather fanny pack.

MAURICE

There's nothing like a crisp, bright morning in Cicely. Small town America at its best.

Semanski pulls a police whistle and deftly provides it with all its piercing capability. A loud car is put in check and comes to a screeching halt. *

SEMANSKI

(an order)
Muffler. Today. *

Nodding, the driver pulls away. *

SEMANSKI

Ed's waiting for me. I told him I'd etch an ID number on his VCR.

MAURICE

Awfully nice of you, Barbara.

SEMANSKI

Rendevous back at your place, fifteen hundred hours?

MAURICE

That's good for me.

Maurice leans over for a kiss, but Semanski pulls away.

SEMANSKI

Maurice...we're in public.

MAURICE

Oh, come on....

He pulls her into kiss. She responds, then quickly pulls away. He grins.

MAURICE

See you.

Maurice heads into the radio station. Semanski notes a motorcycle with a broken headlight.

13 INSIDE THE RADIO STATION

13

Chris is at his turntable as Maurice enters. MUSIC PLAYS.

CHRIS

Hey, Maurice.

Maurice gazes out the window at Semanski who's writing a citation.

MAURICE

Look at her, Chris.

CHRIS

She's ticketing my Harley.

MAURICE

So full of purpose, so conscientious, so thorough.

(impressed)

Now that's a pro. *

CHRIS

Yeah...

MAURICE

I'm in love, Chris. It's like the first time I experienced weightlessness. Didn't know whether I was going to tumble up or down.

CHRIS

"Love is like friendship caught on fire." *

MAURICE

I like that. Yours?

CHRIS

Bruce Lee.

MAURICE

The thing about Barbara -- she's just plain fun to be with. This morning, she tossed me an axe and raced me through half a cord of white spruce.

CHRIS

Sounds like a heavy duty blood rush.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MAURICE

Let me just say that sweat is an underrated but very effective aphrodisiac.

CHRIS

Sweat before sex -- interesting variation.

MAURICE

You know, Chris, all my life I have differentiated between men and women. Men have been my friends -- my confidants -- my comrades. And women...well, they've been objects of desire, of admiration -- but never more. That is, until now. With Barbara it's different, it's like we're...

CHRIS

Soulmates.

Maurice nods.

CHRIS

Been listening to that Robert Bly tape I gave you?

MAURICE

He lost me when he started in about listening through the ear in my stomach.

(beat)

Chris... I may just be needing your ministerial services.

CHRIS

No kidding. You pop the question yet?

MAURICE

(holding thumb to forefinger)

I'm this close.

CHRIS

All right!

(then; considering his upcoming duty)

So...a wedding service. Something from "Henry the Fifth", maybe?

MAURICE

Shakespeare?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

CHRIS

"But when the blast of war blows in
our ears,/ Then imitate the action
of the tiger,/ Stiffen the sinews,
summon up the blood..."

MAURICE

Good. Good. And throw in a little
of MacArthur's speech to Congress.
That's one of Barbara's favorites.
(pointing out the window)
Look, she just nailed a jaywalker.

14 INT. ADAM'S CABIN - DAY

14

Beginning to come up, Joel shakes out the cobwebs.

JOEL

Ugnnnnhhh....

Raising his arms, Joel sees that they are shackled chain
gang style with iron bracelets and chains.

JOEL

Hey...

(seeing his feet similarly
shackled)

Hey!

He struggles against the chains.

JOEL

Hey, what is this!

EVE

(approaching)

Don't strain yourself.

JOEL

(sputtering)

You...you..! You struck me!

*

EVE

(calm)

Yes.

JOEL

You...you..!

(holding out his arms,
peremptory)

Take these off right now!

EVE

No.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

JOEL
(trying a different tack)
Okay, look, I won't press charges,
Eve -- I'll forget all about it.
We'll pretend this never happened.

Eve walks away.

JOEL
This is kidnapping! A felony! I
demand you remove these this
instant!

EVE
I can't.

JOEL
Why not?

EVE
I need you.

JOEL
What?!

EVE
I need a twenty-four-hour, on-call
physician.

JOEL
Are you out of your mind?! Wait,
don't answer. It was a rhetorical
question. You are out of your mind.

EVE
Don't get nasty.

JOEL
(yelling)
Help! Help!

EVE
Scream all you want. It won't do
any good, except give both of us
headaches -- in which case, I may be
forced to whack you again.

A long beat. Joel is silent.

JOEL
You actually think I'm going to take
care of you under these
circumstances?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

EVE

You have to.

JOEL

I do not!

EVE

You took an oath.

JOEL

That doesn't matter! By assaulting me, you have broken the social contract between physician and patient.

EVE

You're angry now. I understand that.

JOEL

(holding out his wrists)
Take these off of me!

EVE

You'll feel differently in a few days.

JOEL

Days?!

EVE

I really need to get this place cleaned up.

Eve begins straightening up the kitchen area.

JOEL

Eve...

EVE

Adam is a pig when he cooks.

(beat)

Did he tell you how we met? It was a book party. I was in publicity, an editor -- corner office at Knopf. And by the way, it is "Knopf". Say the "k" but not the "p".

Joel watches her. Eve continues.

EVE

And there was Adam -- the caterer -- this dark, brooding man in a chef's hat. We went back to his place.

(MORE)

14 CONTINUED: 3

14

EVE (cont'd)

He whipped up a zabaglione -- I've been with him ever since.

(beat)

The toxicity of Manhattan was playing hell with my electrolytes. Alaska seemed like the place to go. Little did we know about the PCB's.

JOEL

(innocent)

Eve...?

(as she turns to him)

Maybe I over-reacted. I can see you're a very delicate woman who's been plagued with chronic illnesses -- a woman who does need round-the-clock medical care. I'm willing -- no, glad -- to be your physician. If you would just undo these....

He holds out his shackles. She eyes him.

JOEL

Actually, you sound a little short of breath. I'd like to percuss your lungs and check for a mass.

(ingenuous smile)

I can't do that unless my hands are free.

EVE

Joel -- do you mind if I call you Joel?

JOEL

Of course not.

EVE

You're so transparent. You want me to unshackle you so you can run away.

JOEL

(weak)

No, I don't.

EVE

If you accept the fact you're going to be here, this could be a positive experience.

(beat)

Here.

(MORE)

14 CONTINUED: 4

14

EVE (cont'd)
 (handing him a magazine)
 New England Journal of Medicine --
 there's a very good article on
 arrhythmia.

She exits. Joel struggles against his chains.

15 INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY

15

Maurice enters, carrying a brown bag.

MAURICE
 (calling out)
 I'm home! The plan for the evening
 is T-bones "horns off" and some
 baked Idahoes.

*
*
*

Semanski enters from another room in her police jacket, cap
 and boots. She's carrying a duffle bag filled with her
 belongings.

MAURICE
 (dismayed)
 What...?

SEMANSKI
 I'm out of here.

Semanski slings the duffel bag over her shoulder.

MAURICE
 Barbara?

*

SEMANSKI
 The phone rang while I was working
 out. Your answering machine picked
 up.

*

MAURICE
 What?

Semanski pushes the play button. We HEAR:

MCDEVITT (V.O.)
 Maurice, this is McDevitt. Good
 news.

MAURICE
 (puzzled)
 My accountant.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MCDEVITT (V.O.)

I checked into the capital gains thing. The IRS will never pick it out as passive income. We'll put all the debentures on schedule D. This is going to save you a fortune.

Semanski pushes the stop button.

SEMANSKI

You broke the law.

MAURICE

Now, now...maybe I bent it a little, but --

SEMANSKI

I don't find that amusing.

Semanski starts toward the door. Maurice goes after her.

MAURICE

Barbara, loopholes are an American tradition.

SEMANSKI

Not in my book.

Semanski resumes her exit; Maurice intervenes.

MAURICE

Besides, it's not the law, it's the tax code. I bet Donald Trump doesn't pay a dime. *

SEMANSKI

(pauses)

I cleaned the Browning and put it back in the case.

MAURICE

Barbara...please....

Without replying, Semanski exits.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

15A INT. ADAM'S CABIN - DAY

15A*

Eve eats from a bowl. Shackled Joel, angry and famished, watches.

EVE

I told Adam a hundred times, if you're going to grill in the house you've got to have proper ventilation. But oh no, the great chef can't be bothered with anything as mundane as respiration. It's not like I'm being unreasonable -- it's well-documented -- it's in all the medical literature -- charcoal smoke is carcinogenic.

(re: bowl)

You sure you don't want some of this?

Joel doesn't answer.

EVE

Come on, now -- don't pout. You haven't had anything to eat in sixteen hours.

JOEL

I'm not hungry.

EVE

With my blood sugar I have to eat every four hours or I get dizzy.

(enjoying the meal)

Mmmmmmm.

JOEL

(beat)

What is that?

EVE

Cassoulet. It's always better the next day.

She eats with gusto. Beat.

JOEL

Maybe a taste.

EVE

That's better.

Grabbing a fresh spoon, she starts to feed him.

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED: 2

15A

EVE

I'm a patient woman -- it takes a lot to get me really upset. But the man doesn't wear shoes. That's not just unsightly it's unsanitary. There's a reason they put those signs in restaurants, "No shoes, no service."

She continues to pack Joel's mouth with food. He's close to gagging.

EVE

Okay, maybe for two weeks in February, when it's sixty below with a wind chill factor of minus ninety I can get him to put on a pair of thongs!

Joel gags.

EVE

Don't bolt your food.
(wiping his mouth)
I could live with the bare feet if that was the only thing. But it isn't. It's part of a pattern -- part of his consistent disregard for my well-being.

The door flies open and Adam enters. He sees Eve leaning over Joel, holding the spoon.

ADAM

Well, look at the lovebirds.

JOEL

Get me out of here!

ADAM

(to Joel)

Didn't take you long to get cozy!

EVE

What do you want?

JOEL

She knocked me out -- she shackled me!

ADAM

(moving to the cabinet)

The hypochondriac and the doctor.
I'll call Noel Coward -- he'll write a play.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

He begins pulling out pots, pans and utensils.

JOEL
(imploring)
Adam!

EVE
What do you think you're doing?!

ADAM
There's nothing to cook with in the
country house.

JOEL
Country house?

EVE
(to Adam)
You're not taking the paella pan.

JOEL
What's this place? Your pied a
terre?

ADAM
(to Eve)
You wouldn't know a paella pan from
a chafing dish.

EVE
And the verticle roaster is mine!

Joel watches the argument like a tennis match.

ADAM
I ordered it from Williams/Sonoma.

EVE
Dr. Berman gave it to me after the
kidney crisis!

ADAM
You don't even cook. You never
cooked a meal in your life.

EVE
I cook! It just isn't my raison-
d'etre! I happen to think there's
more to life than bernaise sauce.

ADAM
Like antihistamines -- like
tetracycline! You've got more pills
than the FDA!

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED: 3

15A

EVE
What do you know -- you're a
pathological liar!

At this, Adam and Eve scream at each other.

JOEL
SHUT UP!!!

Adam and Eve fall quiet and look at him.

JOEL
Look at you! Fighting like this in
front of a stranger! A person you
don't even know! Do you have no
shame?!

Adam and Eve glance at one another.

JOEL
All right! I'm laying down the law.
If you two can't settle this, I
will!

ADAM
Wait a second --

EVE
No one tells me --

JOEL
QUIET!
(beat)
You'll both get a chance to have
your say, but I make the rules!
(to Adam)
Make us some coffee.
(as Adam hesitates)
Now.

ADAM
(chastised)
Vienna roast or Kona?

16 INT. HOLLING'S BAR - DAY

16

Maggie, still on a binge, takes a chug of beer as she plunks
change into the juke box. An abused woman COUNTRY SONG
comes on. Staggering back to the bar, Maggie is stopped by
a BURLY GUY just entering.

BURLY GUY
Maggie -- I need you to fly me to
Anchorage. The water pipes in my
house are busted and the whole top
floor is flooded.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MAGGIE

Gee, that's the saddest story I've ever heard.

She laughs.

BURLY GUY

What's funny?

MAGGIE

You know what I see when I look at your fat, ugly face?

BURLY GUY

What?

MAGGIE

(with disgust)

A man.

She continues to the bar, where Ed sits, watching. Taking a stool, Maggie turns to the man sitting next to her.

MAGGIE

You know something? You have no neck.

(off his puzzled look)

Just like Gumby.

She laughs. The man moves off.

*

MAGGIE

(indicating shot glass, calling)

Uno mas!

*

*

ED

(pointing to his glass)

This root beer's nice. You oughta try some.

MAGGIE

Root beer! Great idea!

(calls out)

With three fingers of gin!

Ed frowns. Ruth-Anne comes up.

RUTH-ANNE

I think you've had enough, dear.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

MAGGIE
 Enough...enough? Did you say,
 "enough?"

Ruth-Anne nods.

MAGGIE
 (leaning in)
 It's a good thing you're old enough
 to be a woman, Ruth-Anne.

She bangs her glass. Dave comes up with a bottle of gin.
 But before he can pour, Ruth-Anne covers the glass with her
 hand. Maggie looks up at her.

RUTH-ANNE
 (gentle)
 I'm taking you home.

Maggie looks at Ruth-Anne, then sags. *

17 INT. ADAM'S CABIN - DAY

17

Joel, still shackled, has assumed the manner of a judge and
 is seated with Adam and Eve facing him in separate chairs.

EVE
 On our first date, Adam told me that
 he was working with a U.N. team of
 scientists to develop a drought-
 resistant strain of wheat --

ADAM
 (interrupting)
 That's not --

JOEL
 (pointing a finger; stopping
 him)
 Ah!

ADAM
 But that's --

JOEL
 Ah! Ah!

ADAM
 (quickly)
 Not wheat. Rice. It was rice.

Adam stews as Eve continues.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

EVE

Needless to say, this was not true -- nor was his claim that he excavated Ramses III's tomb in the Valley of the Kings -- nor that he led rebel forces in the capture of Addis Ababa. I could go on and on. In the face of these outright lies, how can one build trust in a relationship?!

JOEL

(turning)

Adam....

ADAM

Before I get into trust, I'd like to point out that when it's my turn to talk, she's coughing, she's wheezing --

EVE

I happen to be allergic!

JOEL

Eve....

EVE

(teacher's pet)

Sorry, Dr. Fleischman.

ADAM

(to Joel)

And you don't say a thing. But if I interrupt to correct a lie --

JOEL

Adam, just state your case.

Eve gives Adam a "see" look.

ADAM

Let me draw you a picture -- it's three AM, she wakes up with leg cramps -- demands a muscle relaxant. Where's the nearest all night pharmacy? Sleetmute. Four hundred miles away. We don't even have a mule, much less a car.

EVE

(to Joel)

My legs were balled up like fists.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

ADAM

Always her needs! I'm out there running the rat race -- trying to make it in a world of revolving door chefs and food consultants. Does she ever give me a word of encouragement? A word of sympathy? I'm offered a job at Tour D'Argent in Paris --

JOEL

You? An American?

ADAM

They begged me! And what does she say? No. She won't live in Paris because she finds the French combative and they let dogs sit at the table. So I turn it down. Yet I feel like a terrible person for wanting to go.

EVE

(to Joel)

If you're not an only child, you can't understand --

JOEL

(warning)

Eve.

EVE

I felt pressured to be everything for my parents, which may be why nothing I do ever feels like enough.

ADAM

Hold on -- here we go.

EVE

I'm attractive -- I'm bright -- but that means nothing when you can't swallow.

ADAM

If only you couldn't talk!

Increasingly irritated, Joel watches the escalating fireworks.

EVE

There's a specialist in Houston -- as soon as I'm well enough to travel --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 3

17

ADAM

You've already had a dozen second opinions. We're not wasting any more money --

EVE

I've enough Advantage miles to fly for free. Business class!

JOEL

STOP! STOP!

Adam and Eve pause.

JOEL

I've heard enough! Here's my decision.

They lean forward to listen. Joel points at Adam.

JOEL

You! No one should believe anything you say -- not even hello. In addition, you're rude, you're hostile, and you have no regard for personal hygiene.

Adam shrinks back. Eve looks smug. Joel turns to her.

JOEL

And you! I've encountered hypochondriacs before -- sure. But if they gave out prizes you'd win the MVP. That you would actually enslave someone to serve your delusions of illness. You are without question the most selfish, egotistical -- no -- the most megalomaniacal person I've ever met.

Now it's Eve who shrinks back. Joel addresses them both.

JOEL

You two are a disaster. Together, you're beyond description. There's nothing worth saving here. You go one way, you go another. Split up the appliances, split up the forest, split up the mountains.

(to Adam)

You go east of the pipeline.

(to Eve)

You go west of the pipeline. And never, ever, see one another again.

18 EXT. LAKE SIDE - DAY

18

An arrow slams into the outer edge of a target on a hay bale. PULL BACK to reveal a self-absorbed Maurice lowering a camouflaged hunting bow. Behind him is a rack of various bows -- long bow, crossbow, reflex, etc. Chris, standing next to him with a Japanese bow, notches an arrow.

CHRIS

I don't think it's your form,
Maurice, I think it's your
philosophy.

MAURICE

My philosophy?

CHRIS

Your mind set. You're all over the
place today.

(beat)

See, in Kyudo philosophy, you don't
aim -- you become one with the
target. Then, in fact, there's
nothing to aim at.

Chris shoots. The arrow hits the bull's eye.

CHRIS

I find it works well with women,
too.

(indicating target)

Give it a try.

Maurice raises his bow, then lowers it.

MAURICE

It's not a matter of aim, Chris.
It's a matter of desire.

(off Chris' puzzled look)

Every time I notch an arrow, I see
Barbara.

CHRIS

Lack of focus. Increases anxiety.
Decreases pleasure.

(re: target)

You mind?

MAURICE

No, go ahead.

(as Chris aims)

It isn't just the archery,
either. -- I blew away a six point
buck earlier today and I felt only
emptiness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CHRIS (cont'd)
Why don't you call her?

MAURICE
She's made it clear she wants
nothing more to do with me.

Chris fires THFFT. The bolt slams into the bullseye.

MAURICE
She'll hear my voice and hang up.

CHRIS
Only one way to know for sure.

MAURICE
Chris, I'm all for climbing back on
a horse that throws me -- but in
this case, hurting like I do, I
don't know if I could take another
fall.

Chris nods in understanding and picks up another bolt.

18A EXT. MAGGIE'S CABIN - NIGHT
TO ESTABLISH.

18A*

*

19 INT. MAGGIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

19

Ruth-Anne sits by Maggie's bed, reading. Maggie's in a
flannel nightgown.

MAGGIE
(waking up)
How long have I slept?

RUTH-ANNE
About six hours.

MAGGIE
Have you been here all this time?

Ruth-Anne smiles, closes her book. Maggie sits up.

MAGGIE
Ohh, my head.

Dumping two aspirin out of a bottle, Ruth-Anne hands them to
Maggie along with a glass of water.

RUTH-ANNE
Drink it all.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

With a GROAN, Maggie takes the aspirin.

RUTH-ANNE
Alcohol dehydrates the body. You
need to push fluids.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

19

Grimacing, Maggie finishes the water. She touches her temples.

MAGGIE
Ooh...I've still got the twirly-whirlies.

RUTH-ANNE
You'll feel worse tomorrow.

Maggie lies back in bed.

MAGGIE
How do you make the bed stop spinning?

RUTH-ANNE
Want to throw up?

MAGGIE
(a groan)
Noooo....

RUTH-ANNE
(tucking Maggie in)
Well, then....

MAGGIE
Ruth-Anne?

RUTH-ANNE
Uh hmmm.

MAGGIE
Why are men such swine?

RUTH-ANNE
They're not all swine, dear -- well, most of them perhaps. But the real problem is -- we'll never know them -- and they'll never know us.

(off Maggie's puzzled look)
In Genesis two, it says Adam was created from dust and Eve was created from Adam's rib. Putting aside the sexist put down, what that means is that men and women are made differently.

MAGGIE
Yeah, like swine.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

RUTH-ANNE

(beat)

You never knew Bill, my husband. A lovely, decent man. We'd only be married a few months when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I joined the Women's Army Corps and wound up packing parachutes at an airfield near Manchester. Bill'd had rheumatic fever as a child and couldn't serve -- he stayed in Portland.

MAGGIE

I know the next part -- he had an affair.

RUTH-ANNE

At the time I hoped so.

MAGGIE

Why?

RUTH-ANNE

Because I did.

MAGGIE

You?

RUTH-ANNE

He was an English pilot -- I thought I loved him -- but it was more that I needed him. There was so much death...but in bed with him --

(smiles)

I didn't think about death.

MAGGIE

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 3

19

RUTH-ANNE

(matter-of-fact)

He was killed in a raid over
Hamburg. If he hadn't been, I
might've divorced Bill and married
him.

(beat)

As it was, Bill turned out to be a
wonderful husband...and father. We
had a very good life together.

(looking at Maggie)

What I'm trying to say...we don't
know what's in another person's
heart, we don't even know what's in
our own. Life turns on a dime.
Somehow, we muddle through.

(kissing Maggie on the
forehead)

Good-night, dear.

Ruth-Anne turns out the light. In the moonlit room, Maggie
watches Ruth-Anne go then closes her eyes.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

20 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (MAGGIE'S DREAM) 20

CAMERA PANS country club showing expanse of green lawn; puffy clouds hover above. Maggie, in her nightgown, walks toward the terrace of the club's restaurant. She pauses, puzzled, at a sign which reads: ALL CREEDS WELCOME. *

RICK (O.S.)

Maggie!

She turns to find Rick who's seated at a table with a BLT on his plate. In golf clothes, suntanned and radiant, Rick waves to her. *

MAGGIE

(confused, troubled)

Rick?

RICK

Don't worry. I'm still dead.

MAGGIE

Where are we?

RICK

Heaven.

MAGGIE

Heaven? You're in heaven?

RICK

It's really not all that hard to get in. I mean, compared to an Ivy League school or some of the NBA playoff games, it's actually a breeze.

MAGGIE

(looking around)

This looks like the Grosse Point Country Club. Heaven is the Grosse Point country club?

RICK

For you.

Off Maggie's bewildered look.

RICK

This is your dream.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MAGGIE

(sitting)

I always hated it when my parents dragged me to the club.

RICK

Well, obviously, on some subconscious level --

MAGGIE

(noticing someone)

Oh, god, that's Mr. Handley. He and Dad played golf every Wednesday.

(sotto)

I knew he had a bad ticker. But I didn't know he was dead.

A waiter comes to the table, hands a menu to Maggie and refills Rick's glass with iced tea.

RICK

(to Waiter)

She'd like the pepper steak -- medium rare.

MAGGIE

What am I doing here?

RICK

Well, clearly, there are unresolved issues we should deal with.

MAGGIE

Unresolved issues? Like your cheating on me? That unresolved issue?

RICK

C'mon, Maggie -- you knew.

MAGGIE

I did not!

RICK

You had to.

MAGGIE

What are you talking about?!

RICK

Last Christmas, I mixed up the gifts. I gave you JoAnne's Caleche. You don't wear Caleche -- you don't like Caleche -- too sweet.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

MAGGIE

I was supposed to know from that?
It could've been an honest mistake.
(off his look)
It could've been!

RICK

Denial, Maggie. You didn't want to know.

MAGGIE

Oh, no you don't! Don't make this my problem!
(beat)
How many other women were there?

RICK

How many?...all together or at a particular given time?

MAGGIE

Just give me a rough estimate.

RICK

(considers)
...Twenty-five hundred.

MAGGIE

Twenty-five hundred? You slept with two thousand five hundred women?!

RICK

More or less.

MAGGIE

When you were with me?

RICK

Don't be ridiculous. I couldn't have slept with more than a couple hundred while we were together. Most of them were strangers.
(off her stare)

It had nothing to do with you. It was me. I was a sexual addict. Like Howard Hughes, like JFK, like Dillinger.

*

MAGGIE

Dillinger? John Dillinger the gangster?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 3

20

RICK

(nodding)

I needed new partners all the time. If I couldn't have them, I'd get these terrible cramps -- I couldn't concentrate -- I couldn't fly. You can't imagine what a burden it was -- all these women -- all these empty sexual encounters. Death was actually a great relief. Well, sort of.

*

MAGGIE

Rick, I'm trying real hard to muster up some sympathy for you.

RICK

I'm not looking for sympathy. I'm dead -- it's over.

(gentle)

You're what this is about.

She eyes him suspiciously.

RICK

Look at the men you have relationships with -- I'm just part of a pattern.

(indicating heaven)

I've met Glen here, Bruce. We're all the same -- roamers -- gypsies. You need someone steady -- someone you can count on. Someone like...I don't know...like...

MAGGIE

Fleischman?

RICK

Yeah.

MAGGIE

You know, Rick, I've had about as much of this dream as I can take.

RICK

I understand.

(stands)

Look, I gotta go -- I'm teeing off in five. Sit. Relax. Enjoy lunch. Just tell Him to put it on my tab.

*

He moves off.

21 INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

Maggie sleeps.

22 INT. ADAM'S CABIN - DAWN

22*

Joel, still shackled, is awakened by Adam. Eve stands behind him with a hack saw.

ADAM

Get up.

JOEL

Wha...?

ADAM

Eve and I talked.

EVE

We're going to give it another try.

JOEL

That was not my recommendation.

ADAM

We're supposed to listen to you?
With your personal history?

JOEL

What's that supposed to mean?

ADAM

I've gotten chain letters that had
more heart. "Take care of yourself,
Joey. Don't get frostbite."

JOEL

That's Elaine's letter! You read
Elaine's letter?

ADAM

No wife of mine would go running off
with some mangy Federal judge old
enough to be her grandfather.

JOEL

How'd you read Elaine's letter?!

EVE

(stepping closer)

We'd like you to leave now.

JOEL

You'd like me to leave? As in, this
was my choice? As in, I elected to
remain and I've now outworn my
welcome?

EVE

(re: hack saw)

Hold out your hands.

(CONTINUED)

27

22 CONTINUED:

JOEL

You don't have a key?

EVE

I lost it.

Sighing, Joel extends his arms. Eve begins sawing the center chain of his shackles.

23 INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Sad music plays on the stereo. Maurice, bleary-eyed from not sleeping, sits at his desk, cleaning Semanski's gun. He runs his fingers over:

24 INSERT - SEMANSKI'S INITIALS

engraved in the grip.

25 MAURICE

sighs and looks toward the phone. Beat. He picks up the receiver, begins to dial, then stops. Maurice sets the receiver in its cradle, slumps into a chair.

26 OMITTED

27 EXT. PATH - DAY

Joel, still wearing the bracelets (and several inches of chain) from his shackles, walks with Adam and Eve to his truck. Eve looks at her palms.

EVE

It's yellow. I think it's jaundice.

JOEL

(wearily)

It's not jaundice.

EVE

I've had obstructions of the common bile duct before.

JOEL

It's not jaundice.

(CONTINUE)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

EVE

No.

(to Joel)

Certain medications can cause jaundice, can't they? Quinacrine hydrochloride, for instance?

JOEL

Okay! You wanna be sick? You're sick. Yes, that's jaundice. The worst case of jaundice I've ever seen. Question is -- what's causing it? Best case scenario -- gall stones.

EVE

(considers)

Gall stones.

JOEL

But it could be hepatitis or maybe you've really hit the jackpot and developed full-blown, metastasized, inoperable pancreatic cancer.

ADAM

Hey, buddy -- that's my wife you're talking to!

EVE

When you get back from New Zealand, I'm going to get a CAT scan.

JOEL

New Zealand?

(to Adam)

All right -- I'll bite. What's in New Zealand?

ADAM

Yacht race.

EVE

(proud)

Kiwi Cup -- Fifty-foot catamarans.

JOEL

They let you race a yacht?

ADAM

They grouse about it, but they don't have much choice.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

EVE
 (to Joel)
 He designed the sails.

Adam indicates a patch on his nearly tattered fatigue jacket.

28 CLOSE - PATCH (INSERT)

28

Official San Diego Yacht Club patch.

29 JOEL

29

stares.

30 EXT. SEMANSKI'S HOUSE - DAY

30

Dawn. Maurice leaves his mud-caked car and approaches the door. From inside the house comes the SOUND of DOGS BARKING. Maurice knocks. An expressionless Semanski, wearing a terry bathrobe, opens the door. She holds onto the collars of two snarling German shepards, who seem eager to tear Maurice apart.

MAURICE

Barbara....
 (to the vicious dogs)
 Hey, boy...good dog...
 (as the dogs continue
 barking)

SIT!!

*

The dogs quiet, sitting. Semanski says nothing.

MAURICE

I was in the neighborhood -- I
 thought I'd drop by.

The dogs glare at him, GROWLING low.

MAURICE

Could you do something with them?

SEMANSKI

(beat; to the dogs)
 Perimeter.

She releases the dogs and they tear outside to patrol.

SEMANSKI

What is it, Maurice?

MAURICE

Actually, Barbara, I was hoping you
 and I might talk.

*

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Looking past Semanski, Maurice sees Trooper Tony having coffee at the breakfast table. Tony wears boxer shorts and mirror sunglasses. Maurice is stung, but toughs it out. *

MAURICE

I didn't know you had company. I could come back later.

SEMANSKI

Just a sec.

Turning, she goes to Tony who stands. Maurice watches as she speaks quietly but firmly to Tony. Tony, given his marching orders, exits to the bedroom. Turning back to Maurice, Semanski motions him in.

31 INSIDE - MAURICE

31

enters, carefully shutting the door behind him.

MAURICE

Barbara, I admit that what I did could be construed as not altogether above board.

She eyes him warily.

MAURICE

However, I think we both would agree that to call it an outright criminal act would be a gross exaggeration.

SEMANSKI

If you break the law, you've committed a criminal act.

MAURICE

You know, I can't tell you how much I admire your dedication. Civilization would disintegrate into chaos without resolute law enforcement officers like yourself...and that gentleman in the back room.

SEMANSKI

Tony.

MAURICE

Tony? Yes. Trooper Tony.

SEMANSKI

What do you want, Maurice?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MAURICE

I want you to know, these are not empty words. Talk's cheap. It's actions that count.

(pulling out a check)

I'm giving this check to the State Police Benevolent Association.

(pausing for effect)

Twenty thousand dollars.

He holds out the check to her. She looks at it, then hands it back to him. She doesn't soften.

MAURICE

That's twenty thousand dollars, Barbara. Four zeroes.

SEMANSKI

I'm sure you'll receive a nice letter of thanks.

MAURICE

Barbara....

SEMANSKI

And a sizeable deduction on your ten-forty.

MAURICE

All right. I'll make it twenty-five thousand.

SEMANSKI

I think you better go now.

MAURICE

Thirty.

She opens the door for him to leave. Maurice points to the other room.

MAURICE

Is it Trooper Tony?

*

SEMANSKI

He's nothing. A diversion -- a rebound.

MAURICE

Then what? What do I have to do, Barbara? Tell me what I have to do.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

SEMANSKI

You don't get it, Maurice. I'm not a cop because I want to be -- I'm a cop because I have to be. I was called to the law. I'm its servant. I eat, breathe, sleep the law -- it courses through my body like blood.

(beat)

When you stepped on the law, Maurice, you stepped on me. And that's what hurts.

Maurice opens his mouth to speak, but there's nothing he can say. Resigned, he nods, turns and walks out.

32 INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY

32

Marilyn, reading a catalogue, looks up as Joel enters, still wearing the ankletes and bracelets of the severed shackles.

JOEL

Don't ask.

She doesn't. Crossing toward his office, Joel pauses.

JOEL

Okay, I know you're dying to say something.

Marilyn looks at him, then back to her catalogue.

JOEL

I disappear without a trace -- abducted from my home -- I return in chains -- you're not even the least bit curious?

MARILYN

Your sterile sponges came in.

JOEL

Thank you. Thank you, Marilyn.

He exits into:

33 JOEL'S INNER OFFICE - JOEL

33*

picks up a scapel and tries to pick the shackle lock.
Maggie enters.

*
*

MAGGIE

Where've you been, Fleischman?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Yeah.

JOEL

You really want to know?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

JOEL

Remember Adam, the missing link? His wife, Eve, has been holding me prisoner for the last thirty-six hours.

MAGGIE

You can't even answer a simple question. Why have you got those things on your wrists?

JOEL

O'Connell, what do you want?

MAGGIE

(moving to the door)

Now I don't feel like asking you.

JOEL

(what did I do to deserve this)

Fine. Don't ask me.

MAGGIE

(pausing)

You know, Fleischman, despite your many flaws and limitations, there is an honesty to you. Not that that makes you any more charming or likeable --

JOEL

O'Connell, I've had a rough couple days.

MAGGIE

So have I. The point is -- you're exactly who you are. There's no hidden agenda -- no subterfuge -- what you see is what you get.

JOEL

As opposed to...

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

MAGGIE

Well, yes, Rick, and Glen and that
schmuck Bruce -- yes.

Joel looks puzzled.

MAGGIE

I admit at times -- and don't read
anything into this -- I actually
find you refreshing.

JOEL

You make me sound like a glass of
ginger ale.

MAGGIE

And occasionally amusing.

There is a beat of silence. Joel is gratified by the
attention.

JOEL

Thanks.

(beat)

You were going to ask me something?

MAGGIE

I was?

JOEL

You were.

MAGGIE

I was...

(beat)

Do you want to have dinner?

JOEL

Dinner?

MAGGIE

Uh huh.

JOEL

With you?

MAGGIE

Forget it.

She starts to go.

JOEL

(stopping her)

Wait. Hold on, O'Connell --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 3

33

MAGGIE
Look, it's okay -- No big deal, no
hard feelings, no --

*
*

JOEL
Yes.

MAGGIE
Yes?

JOEL
Yes.

MAGGIE
(taking it in)
Okay, yes.
(re: wrists)
Dinner Fleischman.
(indicating chains)
Nothing kinky. Just dinner.

Smiling, Maggie turns and starts out. Joel watches her go,
holds up his arms, regards his shackles...

FADE OUT

THE END